Supplement to
POTOSI JOURNAL.

POTOSI, : : MISSOURI.
Wednesday, April 17, 1907.

HER PLOT CUNNINGLY LAID

Scheme of Woman in Madrid to Get a Valuable Diamond.

A story of an amazingly audacious swindle comes from Madrid, Spain. The heroine is a handsome, elegantly dressed woman who the other day visited a specialist in mental diseases on behalf of her husband, who, she said, was a sufferer from religious mania. Having explained the case, it was arranged that she should return in about an hour with the afflicted husband.

The next scene of action was a jeweler's shop in another part of the city, where she selected diamonds to the value of $5,000 on the understanding that she would buy them if her husband approved. Would someone accompany her home in a cab and the money would be paid immediately?

A trusted clerk was sent and with him the lady drove back to the doctor's house. In an anteroom she took the stones, "just to show them to her husband," then, entering with sublime assurance the doctor's study, she informed the specialist that her husband was now in the anteroom and ready to be examined.

Leaving a visiting card, the lady took her departure and the doctor, bidding the supposed patient enter, proceeded at his leisure to ask professional questions. The jeweler's man was puzzled at first, but soon he realized that he had been made the victim of a clever fraud. The doctor, however, interpreted his agitation as caused by his complaint and when after two hours matters were finally explained the lady impostor had vanished with her spoils without leaving any trace.

TO THE END.

"A curious story is told of a cat which lived for some years in the underground stables of a coal mine. It was always to be found in the stall belonging to an old donkey when that animal was resting from its labors," says Chums.

"One day, owing to the carelessness of its driver in unloading it, the donkey suffered a severe strain, and was quite unable to perform its daily work.

"For nearly a fortnight the donkey lay in agony in its stable, and during that time the cat scarcely ever left its friend.

"Sometimes the pit lads would drive it away, but it would always steal back again, and when the donkey died as a result of its injuries the cat began to howl pitifully, and would not be comforted.

"But the climax came when they were taking the donkey's carcass to the surface. The cat began to scratch and fly at the men who were removing it, and became so violent that it had to be killed."

THE BLOOD.

Bet Bill a million he doesn't know the color of his own blood. It can not be blue—yet Bill may be one of the blue-blooded aristocracy. Ask him if his blood is all one color—and bet him a million. Then explain that it isn't. The blood in the arteries is a bright red; that in the veins a dull red. The former is charged with oxygen, the latter with carbonic acid. How can Bill tell a vein from an artery? Tell him that veins, when pressed, do not fill from above; because blood in the veins is always seeking the heart. This simple fact is worth knowing in case of an accident.

COMMON FAILING.

"If there is anything I enjoy," said the man with the placid look, "it is to get on the river and lie about fishing."

"Couldn't you stay at home and lie about fishing just as easy?" asked the stout one.

HEATING POWER OF WOOD.

Contrary to a widespread belief that hardwoods give more heat in burning than soft varieties, the scientists at Washington are contending that the greatest heating power is possessed by the wood of the linden tree, which is very soft. Fir stands next to linden, and almost equal to it. Then comes pine, hardly inferior to fir and linden; while hard oak possesses eight per cent. less heating capacity than linden, and red beech ten per cent. less.

THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST," etc

XIV.

SOME STRANGE LAPSES OF A LOVER.

But before there was time for me to get a distinct impression, that ugly shape of cynicism had disappeared.

"It was a shadow I myself cast upon her," I assured myself, and once more she seemed to me like a clear, calm lake of melted snow from the mountains. "I can see to the pure white sand of the very bottom," thought I. Mystery there was, but only the mystery of wonder at the apparition of such beauty and purity in such a world as mine. True, from time to time, there showed at the surface or vaguely outlined in the depths, forms strangely out of place in those unsullied waters. But I either refused to see or refused to trust my senses. I had a fixed ideal of what a woman should be; this girl embodied that ideal.

"If you'd only give up your cigarettes," I remember saying to her when we were a little better acquainted, "you'd be perfect."

She made an impatient gesture. "Don't!" she commanded almost angrily. "You make me feel like a hypocrite. You tempt me to be a hypocrite. Why not be content with woman as she is—a human being? And—how could I—any woman not an idiot—be alive for twenty-five years without learning—a thing or two? Why should any man want it?"

"Because to know is to be spattered and stained," said I. "I get enough of people who know, down town. Up town—I want a change of air. Of course, you think you know the world, but you haven't the remotest conception of what it's really like. Sometimes when I'm with you, I begin to feel mean and—and unclean. And the feeling grows on me until it's all I can do to restrain myself from rushing away."

She looked at me critically.

"You've never had much to do with women, have you?" she finally said slowly in a musing tone.

"I wish that were true—almost," replied I, on my mettle as a man, and resisting not without effort the impulse to make some vague "confessions"—boastings disguised as penitential admissions—after the customary masculine fashion.

She smiled—and one of those disquieting shapes seemed to me to be floating lazily and repellently downward, out of sight. "A man and a woman can be a great deal to each other, I believe," said she; "can be—married, and all that—and remain as strange to each other as if they had never met—more hopelessly strangers."

"There's always a sort of mystery," I conceded. "I suppose that's one of the things that keep married people interested."

She shrugged her shoulders—she was in evening dress, I recall, and there was on her white skin that intense, transparent, bluish tinge one sees on the new snow when the sun comes out.

"Mystery!" she said impatiently. "There's no mystery except what we ourselves make. It's useless—perfectly useless," she went on absently. "You're the sort of a man who, if a woman cared for him, or even showed friendship for him by being frank and human and natural with him, he'd punish her for it by—by despising her."

I smiled, much as one smiles at the efforts of a precocious child to prove that it is a Methuselah in experience.

"If you weren't like an angel in comparison with the others I've known," said I, "do you suppose I could care for you as I do?"

I saw my remark irritated her, and I fancied it was her vanity that was offended by my disbelief in her knowledge of life. I hadn't a suspicion that I had hurt and alienated her by slamming in her face the door of friendship and frankness her honesty was forcing her to try to open for me.

In my stupidity of imagining her not human like the other women and the men I had known, but a creature apart and in a class apart, I stood day after day gaping at that very door, and wondering how I could open it, how penetrate even to the courtyard of that vestal citadel. So long as my old-fashioned belief that good women were more than human and bad women less than human had influenced me only to a sharper lookout in dealing with the one species of woman I then came in contact with, no harm to me resulted, but on the contrary good—whoever got into trouble through walking the world with sword and sword arm free? But when, under the spell of Anita Ellersly, I dragged the "superhuman goodness" part of my theory down out of the clouds and made it my guardian and guide—really, it's a miracle that I escaped from the pit into which that lunacy pitched me headlong. I was not content with idealizing only her; I went on to seeing good, and only good, in everybody! the millennium was at hand; all Wall street was my friend; whatever I wanted would happen. And when Roebuck, with an air like a benediction from a bishop backed by a cathedral organ and full choir, gave me the tip to buy coal stocks, I canonized him on the spot. Never did a Jersey "jay" in Sunday clothes and tallowed boots respond to a bunco steerer's greeting with a gladder smile than mine to that pious old past-master of craft.

I will say in justice to myself, though it is also in excuse, that if I had known him intimately a few years earlier, I should have found it all but impossible to fool myself. For he had not long been in a position where he could keep wholly detached from the crimes he committed for his benefit and by his order, and where he could disclaim responsibility and even knowledge. The great lawyers of the country have been most ingenious in developing corporate law in the direction of making the corporation a complete and secure shield between the beneficiary of a crime and its consequences; but before a great financier can use this shield perfectly, he must build up a system—he must find lieutenants with the necessary coolness, courage and cunning; he must teach them to understand his hints; he must educate them, not to point out to him the disasagreeable things involved in his orders, but to execute unquestionably, to efface completely the trail between him and them, whether or not they succeed in covering the roundabout and faint trail between themselves and the tools that nominally commit the crimes.

Wilmot was the instrument he employed to put the coal industry into condition for "reorganization." He bought control of one of the coal railroads and made Wilmot president of it. Wilmot, taught by twenty years of his service, knew what was expected of him, and proceeded to do it. He put in a "loyal" general freight agent who also needed no instructions, but busied himself at destroying his own and all the other coal roads by a system of secret rebates and rate cuttings. As the other roads, one by one, descended toward bankruptcy, Roebuck bought the comparatively small blocks of stock necessary to give him control of them. When he had power over enough of them to establish a partial monopoly of transportation in and out of the coal districts, he was ready for his lieutenant to attack the mining properties. Probably his orders to Wilmot were nothing more definite or less innocent than: "Wilmot, my boy, don't you think you and I and some others of our friends ought to buy some of those mines, if they come on the market at a fair price? Let me know when you hear of any attractive investments of that sort."

That would have been quite enough to "tip it off" to Wilmot that the time had come for reaching out from control of railway to control of mine. He lost no time; he easily forced one mining property after another into a position where its owners were glad—were eager—to sell all or part of the wreck of it "at a fair price" to him and Roebuck and "our friends." It was as the result of one of these moves that the great Manasquale mines were so hemmed in by ruinous freight rates, by strike troubles, by floods from broken machinery and mysteriously leaky dams, that I was able to buy them "at a fair price"—that is, at less than one-fifth their value. But at the time—and for a long time afterward—I did not know, on my honor did not suspect, what was the cause, the sole cause, of the change of the coal region from a place of peaceful industry, content with fair profits, to an industrial chaos with ruin impending.

Once the railways and mining companies were all on the verge of bankruptcy, Roebuck and his "friends" were ready to buy, here control for purposes of speculation, there ownership for purposes of permanent investment. This is what is known as the reorganizing stage. The processes of high finance are very simple—first, buy the comparatively small holdings necessary to create confusion and disaster; second, create confusion and disaster, buying up more and more wreckage; third, reorganize; fourth, offer the new stocks and bonds to the public with a mighty blare of trumpets which produces a boom market; fifth, unload on the public, pass dividends, issue unfavorable statements, depress prices, buy back cheap what you have sold dear. Repeat ad infinitum, for the law is for the laughter of the strong, and the public is an eager ass. To keep up the fiction of "respectability," the inside ring divides into two parties for its campaigns—one party to break down, the other to build up. One takes the profits from destruction and departs, perhaps to construct elsewhere; the other takes the profits from construction and departs, perhaps to destroy elsewhere. As their collusion is merely tacit, no conscience need twitch. I must add that, at the time of which I am writing, I did not realize the existence of this conspiracy. I knew, of course, that many lawless and savage things were done, that there were rascals among the high financiers, and that almost all financiers now and then did things that were more or less rascally; but I did not know, did not suspect, that high finance was through and through brigandage, and that the high financier, by long and unmolested practice of brigandage, had come to look on it as legitimate, lawful business, and on laws forbidding or hampering it as outrageous, socialistic, anarchistic, "attacks upon the social order!"

Roebuck had given me the impression that it would be six months, at least, before what I was in those fatuous days thinking of as "our" plan for "putting the coal industry on a sound business basis" would be ready for the public. So, when he sent for me shortly after I became engaged to Miss Ellersly, and said: Melville will publish the plan on the first of next month and will open the subscription books on the third—a Thursday," I was taken by surprise and was anything but pleased. His words meant that, if I wished to make a great fortune, now staked a large part of my entire fortune on a single gambling operation, he would straightway cut me off from his confidence, would look on me as too deeply tainted by my long career as a "bucket-shop" man to be worthy of full rank and power as a financier. Financiers do not gamble. Their only vice is grand larceny.

All this was flashing through my mind while I was thanking him.

"I am glad to have such a long forewarning," I was saying. "Can I be of use to you? You know my machinery is perfect—I can buy anything and in any quantity without starting rumors and drawing the crowd."

"No, thank you, Matthew," was his answer. "I have all of those stocks I wish—at present."

Whether it is peculiar to me, I don't know—probably not—but my memory is so constituted that it takes an indelible and complete impression of whatever is sent it by my eyes and ears; and just as by looking closely you can find in a photographic plate a hundred details that escape your glance, so on those memory plates of mine I often find long afterward many and many a detail that escaped me when my eyes and ears were taking the impression. On my memory plate of that moment in my interview with Roebuck, I find details so significant that my failing to note them at the time shows how unfit I then was to guard my interests. For instance, I find that just before he spoke those words declining my assistance and implying that he had already increased his holdings, he opened and closed his hands several times, finally closed and clinched them—a sure sign of energetic nervous action, and in that particular instance a sign of deception, because there was no energy in his remark and no reason for energy. I am not superstitious, but I believe in palmistry to a certain extent. Even more than the face are the hands a sensitive recorder of what is passing in the mind.

But I was then too intent upon my dilemma carefully to study a man who had already lulled me into absolute confidence in him. I left him as soon as he would let me go. His last words were, "No gambling, Matthew! No abuse of the opportunity God is giving us. Be content with the just profits from investment. I have seen gamblers come and go, many of them able men—very able men. But they have melted away, and where are they? And I have remained and have increased. I feel that I can trust you. You began as a speculator, but success has steadied you, and you have put yourself on the firm ground where we see the solid men into whose hands God has given the development of the abounding resources of this beloved country of ours."

Do you wonder that I went away with a heart full of shame for the gambling projects my head was planning upon the information that good man had given me?

"You've gone back to gambling lately, Matt," said I to myself. "You've been on a bender, with your head afire. You must get out of this textile business as soon as possible. But it's good sound sense to plunge on the coal stocks. In fact, your profits there would save you if by some mischance textile should rise instead of fall. Acting on Roebuck's tip isn't gambling, it's insurance."

I emerged to issue orders that soon threw into the National coal venture all I had not staked on a falling market for textiles. I was not content—as the pious gambling-hater, Roebuck, had begged me to be—with buying only what stock I could pay for. I went plunging on, contracting for many times the amount I could have bought outright.

The next time I saw Langdon I was full of enthusiasm for Roebuck. I can see his smile as he listened.

"I had no idea you were an expert on the trumpets of praise, Blacklock," said he finally. "A very showy accomplishment," he added, "but rather dangerous, don't you think? The player may become enchanted by his own music."

"I try to look on the bright side of things," said I, "even of human nature."

"Since when?" drawled he.

I laughed—a good, hearty laugh, for this shy reference to my affair of the heart tickled me. I enjoyed to the full only in long retrospect the look he gave me.

"As soon as a man falls in love," said he "trustees should be appointed to take charge of his estate."

"You're wrong there, old man," I replied. "I've never worked harder or with a clearer head than since I learned that there are"—I hesitated, and ended lamely—"other things in life."

Langdon's handsome face suddenly darkened, and I thought I saw in his eyes a look of savage pain. "I envy you," said he with an effort at his wonted lightness and cynicism. But that look touched my heart; I talked no more of my own happiness. To do so, I felt would be like bringing laughter into the house of grief.

(To be Continued.)

"I HADN'T A SUSPICION THAT I HAD HURT HER."

Guimard the Idol of Paris

The Great Dancer of the Great Days of the Ballet.

The elder Vestris, who flourished in the middle of the eighteenth century, called himself the "god of dancing," and declared in all sincerity and without rebuke that his country had produced but three supreme men—himself, Frederick the Great and Voltaire. On one occasion, when reproving his son Augustus for refusing to dance before the king of Sweden at the request of the king of France, he said that he would not tolerate any misunderstanding between the houses of Vestris and Bourbon, which had lived hitherto upon the most friendly terms.

Madeleine Guimard made her debut when she was 13 years of age, and for nearly 30 years kept all Paris worshiping at her feet. This was a success of art, and not of beauty, for Guimard was so aggressively thin that she was known as "the Spider." She discovered the great painter David who helped Fragonard to adorn her house with frescoes. Indeed, Fragonard, for whose paintings to-day fabulous sums have been paid, lost his commission because he dared to fall in love with his patron. Guimard had a theater in her own house, and her entertainments there were deemed extravagant in an age of luxury. Paris could not spare her to London until she was past her fortieth year. She was a sort of boudoir adviser to Marie Antoinette, and so great was the esteem in which she was held that one of the most distinguished sculptors of the day modeled her foot, and when her arm was broken in a state accident, a mass for her speedy recovery was celebrated at Notre Dame.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Circulation.

"I notice your esteemed contemporary claims your edition never exceeds 500 copies," remarked the neutral observer.

"Yes," replied the editor of the Weekly Bazoo, "and his remarks have stirred up a good deal of bad blood in our office—"

"Bad blood? Ah! then your circulation really is poor, eh?"

EAST BEHIND IN EDUCATION

Proportion of Women in Higher Institutions Larger in West.

A fact which will be surprising to some easterners is that people of the middle west are ahead of them in the matter of average education. The rate of illiteracy in cities of 25,000 or over in the North Atlantic states, which include New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, was at the date of the last national census 5.8 per cent. and outside the cities 7.3 per cent.

In the north central states, which include Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North and South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas, the percentages were 3.3 and 4.6 respectively. In the former division there are 87 universities and colleges, with 29,995 undergraduates and 3,003 graduate students, while in the latter there are 187 institutions of this character, with 40,537 undergraduates and 2,827 graduate students.

CHARITY.

Miss Passy—Oh, it's very good of you, captain, to invite me for the first waltz.

The Captain—Don't mention it, ma'am. This is a charity ball.

LIGHT AND THE BLOOD.

Dr. Oerum of the Finsen institute at Copenhagen has just carried out a number of experiments on the effect of light on the blood. He has found that darkness reduces the total amount of blood by 3 to 3.3 per cent., while decreasing at the same time the amount of blood contained in the heart. Red light has an effect like that of darkness, while blue light is apt to result in an excess of blood and an increase in the amount contained by the heart. Light baths are likely to increase the amount of blood in the course of four hours. Darkness will increase and intensive light will reduce the blood pressure. Animals born in the dark or in red light have a greater weight but only half the amount of blood of those born under normal conditions.

VIPER KILLERS ON STRIKE.

Odd as the London music hall strike may seem there is an even odder one in Switzerland, in the canton of Geneva. Some parts of the canton are infested with vipers, so much so that viper killing is a regular calling and is followed by a considerable number of persons. A reward of one franc for every viper killed used to be given by the department of justice and police, which has these reptiles in charge, but lately the department lowered the reward to 50 centimes. But the viper killers objected, as they truly said that their calling had got no less dangerous, and so they went out on strike. As long as the dispute lasts people are advised not to walk in the woods near Geneva.—Chicago Chronicle.

LEGITIMATE FEBRUARY 30.

Can there legitimately be a February 30? Yes, under exceptional circumstances, if a ship happen to be voyaging across the Pacific at the end of February during a leap year. An observer, looking over a collection of menu cards, found one dated February 30, 1904. At first he thought it was a printer's error, but he afterward ascertained that it was correct. The dinner was given on board the Pacific steamer Siberia while crossing from Yokohama to San Francisco. A day is gained between Japan and America, and as the event happened on this occasion at the end of February, leap year, the date February 30 was right.

TO AVOID CONFUSION.

Daniel Lord, Jr., as he always signed his name, years ago was a shining light of the New York bar and had no small idea of his own importance. On one occasion he was arguing a case before the court of appeals when a country lawyer asked Charles O'Conor the name of the gentleman who was speaking. "That, sir," replied Mr. O'Conor, who was rather nettled at something Lord had said, "is Daniel Lord, Jr., and he puts the 'junior' after his name so that he may not be mistaken for the Almighty."

WHISKY AND ITS ORIGIN

Facts About the Invention of the Famous Irish Brand.

The word whisky is of Irish origin. Indeed, the Irish claim that whisky itself is of Irish origin, and, moreover, that the Irish taught the Scotch people how to make whisky. As for the name, it springs from the Irish word uisgue, which means water. The distilled spirit was called by the Irish in ancient times uisgue bertha, or life-giving water.

Distillation is a process said to have been known to the Arabians in remote ages, but the first author to speak of it explicitly—and he speaks of it also as a recent discovery—was a chemist who lived in the thirteenth century, Aronaldus De Villa Nova. Nova deemed distillation to be the universal panacea which all ages had sought for in vain.

The cry of "modern degeneration" was raised even in those far-off days, and a pupil of Nova, one Raymond Lully of Majorca, acclaimed distilled waters as a divine emanation, declared that it was destined to revive the energies of "modern decrepitude." This aqua vitae, indeed, denoted the consummation of all things in the brain of Lully; it heralded even the end of the world!

It is a legend of St. Patrick that he was the first who instructed the Irish in the art of distillation. Certain modern historians, however, hotly contest this, setting forth the evidence of authentic sources of information that St. Patrick was an exceedingly strict promoter of temperance. Distilled spirit, whether brandy or whisky as we know it today, was in early ages for medicinal purposes and not as a beverage.

FEAR TSETSE FLY.

Will the tsetse fly invade India? This is the question that is just now exercising the minds of certain of the rulers of that country. The general opinion seems to be that the danger is as yet fairly remote, although each year brings it nearer. But all authorities are agreed that if the pest ever does make its appearance there the results will be terrible. For it is now established that the bite of the tsetse is the cause of sleeping sickness, one of the few diseases for which there is absolutely no known remedy, and of which there have died within the last few years in the Uganda protectorate alone more than 40,000 people. Now the fly, which was formerly confined to certain small circumscribed areas, has spread itself practically all over equatorial Africa, following the lines of the freshly opened trade routes, and carrying with it wherever it goes a lingering and miserable death to peoples hitherto immune. "The fly of death" is what it has been christened by the natives of German East Africa, where the pest recently made its appearance.

LIGHTNING FLASHES.

Lightning flashes in a storm are found by an English observer to be much less irregular in period than they appear. Such storms have usually two foci—sometimes three—from which the flashes radiate, and the discharges from each come at regular intervals. The apparent irregularity is due to the varying rates of the different centers. In a storm of July, 1905, the two foci were about a mile and a half apart, and in an hour the northern center emitted 30 flashes at intervals of 15, 30, 45, 60 and 90 seconds, and the southern center gave 16 flashes at intervals of 17, 34 and 51 seconds. Another unexplained observation is that just before each great flash there is a momentary faint lighting up of the sky in the storm region.

MOON NOT LIGHTED.

Miss Corliss Babson, the champion woman high jumper, is very fond of children and at a tea at Vassar the other day she repeated a quaint child saying.

"I was walking in Gloucester one morning with a little girl," she began, "and looking over my shoulder I saw the moon—large and round and pale, as it is often seen—in the bright blue sky. 'Oh, look at the moon,' said I. 'The moon in the morning.'

"The little girl looked at it and frowned. 'Yes, that is the moon,' she said. '"Tain't lighted, though.'"

MORE ABOUT THE GREAT DANE.

The first gravedigger had thrown out a skull.

"Whose is it?" asked Hamlet.

"Yorick's, sir," said the other.

"You lying knave!" exclaimed Hamlet. "It belongs to the property man, and you know it!"

Further than that, it was a papier mache skull. But Hamlet, knowing that the eye of the manager was upon him, went ahead and ranted over it.